was soon filled also: at length, while the boat was moored at the shore for the purpose of cooking the dinner for the party, Wi-jun-jon and his companion stepped into the bushes and cut a long stick, from which they peeled the bark, and when the boat was again under weigh they sat down, and with much labour transferred the notches on to it from the pipe-stem and club, and also kept adding a notch for every house they passed. This stick was also soon filled, and in a day or two, two or three others; when at last they seemed much at a loss to know what to do with their troublesome records, until they came in sight of St. Louis, which is a town of 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants, upon which unexpected occurrence, after consulting a little, they pitched their sticks overboard into the river, leaving all further entries and records to those skilled in the use of pen, ink, and paper.

I was in St. Louis when they arrived, and painted their portraits while they rested in that place. Wi-jun-jon was the first who reluctantly yielded to the solicitations of the Indian agent and myself, and appeared as sullen as death in my painting-room, with eyes fixed like those of a statue upon me, though his pride had plumed and tinted him in all the freshness and brilliancy of an Indian's toilet. In his nature's uncowering pride he stood a perfect model; but superstition had hung a lingering curve upon his lip, which pride had stiffened into contempt. He had been urged into a measure against which his fears had pleaded; yet he stood unmoved and unflinching amid the struggles of mysteries that were hovering about him, foreboding ills of every kind, and misfortunes that were to happen to him in consequence of this operation.

He was dressed in his native costume, which was classic and exceedingly beautiful. His leggins and shirt were of the mountain goat skin, richly garnished with quills of the porcupine, and fringed with locks of scalps taken from the heads of his enemies. Over these floated his long hair in plaits that fell nearly to the ground; his head was decked with the war-eagle's plumes; his robe was of the skin of a young buffalo bull, richly garnished and emblazoned with the battles of his life; his quiver and bow were slung, and his shield was made of the skin of the buffalo's neck. I painted him in this beautiful dress, as well as the others who were with him; and after I had done, Major Sanford proceeded to Washington with them, where they spent the winter.

Wi-jun-jon was the foremost on all occasions—the first to enter the levee, the first to shake the President's hand, and make his speech to him; the last to extend the hand to, but the first to catch the smiles and gain the admiration of, the gentler sex. He travelled the giddy maze and beheld amidst the buzzing din of civil life the tricks of art, the handiworks, and finery; he visited the principal cities, he saw the forts, the ships, the great guns, steamers, balloons, &c.; and in the spring returned to St. Louis, where I joined him and his companions on their way back to their own country.

Through the politeness of Mr. Chouteau, of the American Fur Company, I was admitted (the only passenger except Major Sanford and his Indians) to a passage in the steamboat, on her first trip to the Yellow Stone; and when I had embarked, and the steamer was about to start, Wi-jun-jon made his appearance on deck, in a full suit of regimentals! In Washington he had exchanged his beautifully garnished and classic costume for a full dress "en militaire." It was, perhaps, presented to him by the President. It was broadcloth, of the finest blue, trimmed with gold lace; on his shoulders were mounted two immense epaulettes; his neck was strangling with a shining black stock; and his feet were pinioned in a pair of waterproof boots, with high heels. On his head was a high-crowned beaver hat, with a broad silver-lace band, surmounted by a huge red feather some two feet high; his coat collar, stiff with lace, came higher up than his ears, and over it flowed down towards his haunches his long Indian locks, glued up in rolls and plaits with red paint. A large silver medal was suspended from his neck by a blue ribbon; and from his waist fell a wide belt, supporting by his side a broadsword. He had drawn a pair of white kid gloves on his hands, in one of which he held a blue umbrella, and in the other a large fan. In this fashion was poor Wi-jun-jon metamorphosed, on his return from Washington; and in this plight was he strutting and whistling Yankee Doodle about the deck of the steamer Yellow Stone, that was wending its way up the mighty Missouri, and taking him to his native land again; where he was soon to light his pipe, and cheer the wigwam fireside with tales of novelty and wonder.

Not far from the mouth of the Yellow Stone River the steamer was moored by the side of an extensive and beautiful prairie, on which were encamped the whole of the Assinneboin tribe, to the number of 8000 or 10,000 souls, awaiting the arrival of the steamer, with their two warriors from Washington city; one of whom, unfortunately for poor Wi-jun-jon, had died of the quinsey on his way home, leaving the marvellous recitals to be made by his companion, uncorroborated, and to be received by the tribe for just as much as their superstitious credulity should deem them worth. When the steamer arrived opposite their encampment, Wi-jun-jon stepped ashore in the plight above named, with a keg of whiskey under his arm, and the umbrella in his hand, and took a position on the bank amongst his friends—his parents—his wife and little children—from whom he had been more than a year separated; not one of whom, for half an hour or more, exhibited the least symptoms of recognition, although every soul in the tribe knew well who was before them. He also gazed upon them—upon his wife and little ones who were about—as if they were foreign to him, and he had not a feeling or a thought to interchange with them. Thus the mutual gazings upon and from this would-be stranger lasted for full half an hour, when a gradual, but cold and exceedingly formal recognition began to take place; and an acquaintance ensued, which ultimately and smoothly resolved itself, without the least apparent emotion, into its former state; and the mutual kindred intercourse seemed to flow on exactly where it had broken off, as if it had been interrupted but for a moment, and nothing had transpired in the interim to check or change its character or expression.

After Wi-jun-jon had reached his home, and thus passed the usual salutations among his friends, he commenced the simple narration of scenes he had passed through, and of things he had beheld among the whites, which appeared to his people so much like fiction that it was impossible to believe it, and they set him down as an impostor. "He has been (they said) among the whites, who are great liars, and all he has learned is to come home and tell lies." He sank rapidly into disgrace in his tribe; his high claims to political eminence all vanished; he was reputed worthless—the greatest liar of his nation; the chiefs shunned him and passed him by, as one of the tribe who was lost; yet the ears of the gossiping portion of the tribe were open, and the camp-fire circle, and the wigwam fireside gave silent audience to the whispered narratives of the "travelled Indian."